

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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SEEKING GOD.

O saints of old! not yours alone
These words most high shall be;
We take the glory for our own—
Lord, we are seeking thee!

Not only when ascends the song
And soundeth sweet the word—
Not only midst the Sabbath throng—
Our souls would seek the Lord.

We mingle with another throng,
And other words we speak;
To other business we belong,
But still our Lord we seek.

Would ye against some wrong be bold,
And stay the tyrant's sword?
Amid the strife and stir behold
The seekers of the Lord.

Yes, ye who every yoke would break,
Who every soul would free,
The world our calling doth mistake—
Lord, we are seeking thee!

We lose, we lack, that men may gain,
We suffer and we smile;
But why this joy amidst the pain?
We seek the Lord the while!

O everywhere, O every day,
Thy grace is still outpoured;
We work, we wait, we smile, we pray,—
Behold thy seekers, Lord!

—*T. H. Gill.*

HOW TO CHANGE TIME INTO LIFE.

GO UP HIGHER.

*"I am come that they might have life; and that they might
have it more abundantly."*

The purpose for which we exist is to turn time into life. A regular allowance of time is given to men—the same ration, every day, of twenty-four hours to each of us; then we are to see what we can make of it. How much can we get of real life out of each day, so that when the day is gone it will leave us so much more alive than we were before. Some men continue to increase in the amount they have of mental, moral, spiritual life and energy, as long as they remain here. While the body is growing old, mind and heart are growing young; while the outward man perishes, the inward man is being renewed day by day.

This is the real alchemy, the true philosopher's stone which can turn baser metals into gold. Time has no value in itself; it is a base metal; its only value is in our ability to transmute it into something valuable. Time cannot be kept; it slips through our fingers forever; but while it is passing through them we may be able to change it into something which will last always, that is, immortal or undying life—or what the Scriptures call eternal life. For immortal life, eternal life, simply means that kind of life which does not decay and change; not future existence, but present fullness of being. Bodily life decays with years; physical life is liable to disease; our bodies grow old and die; but all of immortal life we have within us will last unchanged, never growing old, never wearing out, never losing its first freshness, light and power. Our business is to change the bodily existence, measured by time, into spiritual existence, belonging to eternity.

For there are some conditions and states of soul which take us directly out of time into

eternity. There are often moments in life when time disappears, moments in which a whole world of thought, love, purpose are concentrated, so that we live a great deal in a few seconds. There is no telling, therefore, how much existence may be collected into a few such burning moments, when the light of years is collected into a luminous focus, and the picture of a large existence is brought to a point. Add together all such experiences in our past days, and they would occupy, perhaps, only half a dozen hours of time; but, then, these hours would have more real life in them than all our barren years of routine, languor, inertia, doubt, fear, all put together. I say, therefore, again, that the great object of existence is to change time into life; to transform bodily existence, measured by the clock, into spiritual existence, measured by experiences of soul.

How, then, is this to be done? It is by taking interest in things, in nature, in events, in persons, in truth. Those who are interested in anything live; those who are interested in important things have the most life—have it abundantly; those who are not interested in anything are virtually dead; those who are interested only in superficial things, in vanity and temporary affairs, are only half alive. As the apostle says, "She who liveth for pleasure is dead while she liveth."

We all of us have our dead hours; hours in which we are really dead; in which nothing interests us; in which we turn languidly from work to play, and return languidly from play to work; in which "man delights not us, nor woman neither"; morbid, sickly, wretched hours, in which time passes and brings no life with it. We may be working, but we do our work mechanically, with the hand, putting no heart into it; we may be reading, but what we read passes before our brain, leaving no impression; we may be talking with our friends, but we do not enter into their thoughts, nor they into ours. Nothing *real* enters into us from God's universe; nothing *real* goes out of us into God's universe. This condition is death in life.

And yet, as vanity is a weed which grows everywhere, people are sometimes found who are vain of this condition, proud of their emptiness, taking a certain satisfaction in being tired of the world, bored with everything which is. These little insects which have just begun their ephemeral existence are already fatigued by it. Everything is tedious, they say. God's universe does not come up to their expectations; they confess that they have exhausted the world. "*Omnia fui, nihil expedit*," said the Roman Emperor.

"I have been everything, and it amounts to nothing." No, Roman Emperor, you have not been everything; you have not been anything. In many and many a home in your vast empire, loving fathers and mothers have seen more real life than you have seen, for to love is to live. Many an earnest patriot, loving his country, many a serious thinker, in love with truth, many a loyal worker, doing his work not to be seen of men, but to be seen of God, has been *living*. But you, O Emperor, have only seemed to live in your great position. You say you "have been everything"; you have not been anything, for you have not been seeking realities, but vanities, and we only live when we take interest in what is real. Love is life, and we can only *love* reality; we cannot *love* appearances.

Whenever we give ourselves, with a real interest, to anything in which God's eternal nature is to be found, we get life out of it. God is in nature, and so the serious student of nature, who loves and studies it for its own sake, gets life out of *that* study. That is why such men as Agassiz and Jeffries Wyman were full of vital power to the last, going forward, ever forward, forgetting things behind, reaching out to those before; perpetual seekers, with no past behind them. How little did such men care for wealth, for fame, for position, compared with knowledge! To know, and to know truly, exactly, thoroughly—that fed their souls. Every day they were turning time into life, because they were in love with God as he is seen in his majestic universe. They saw him in its mysterious processes, in its beautiful adaptations, in its deeply penetrating laws. A scientific man, loving science, not for its wages, but for itself, he has life and he has it abundantly.

But God is present, not merely in nature, but also in man. Those who are really interested in their fellow-beings, who are laboring for the progress of humanity, seeking to save the lost, advocating good reforms and necessary improvements, helping their neighbors—they, also, become full of life. They are in communion with God, and feeding at the great source of eternal life. Their work may be conspicuous or humble, they may be helping mankind or one lonely soul; but if it is done not from egotism or love of notoriety, but from a real sympathy with their fellow-men, then they show, by ever-increasing interest, that they are drinking at the fountain of life.

Did you never have such an experience as this? You were weary or empty; you were discontented and dissatisfied; dissatisfied

with others *because* you were dissatisfied with yourself; discontented with things about you because things *within* you were not in good order. But then the Lord sent you some one to be interested in; some poor little child, who needed to be taken care of; some forsaken and fallen wretch, who needed to be set on his feet; some one struggling with a hard fate, who roused your sympathy by his courage. Your heart was drawn out; you came into communion with him; you began to be really interested in him; and so God poured His own divine life into your soul through this brother's need. You were dead and became alive again.

That which gives us power and motive, faith and hope, which excites our interest in nature, in truth, in humanity, is to know those who largely possess this interest. That is why we have such unfeigned gratitude and reverence for the generous philanthropists, the noble men of science, the artists, devoured by love of beauty, the earnest lovers of truth, the great poets and thinkers and workers of former times and of our own. These are our saints, and they help us all by giving us some of their own love for truth and humanity. Such men inspire us all with new hope, awaken in us all new interest. The Romish Calendar of Saints has many grand persons in it; but the true Catholic Church which is to come will have a larger and still nobler army of martyrs, a more goodly company of prophets, and a more angelic choir of saints. For it will include all serious thinkers, all earnest workers, all generous givers, all honest seekers, all who love God by loving truth and loving man.

What we need in order to turn time into life is to have faith in the value of things; to believe that there are strange and marvellous mysteries all around us, waiting to be known; that our life is surrounded by wonder and awe, ready to be revealed; that man is capable of immense progress, and has in him depths below depths of capacity; that God is in the world, and that he is and must be good; that evil is transient, good permanent; that, notwithstanding all the wickedness around us, there is more good than evil in human nature; that the good in man is permanent, the evil transient; that it is God's will to save the world from its sin and woe, and that it *will* be saved. With this sort of faith, all things, all persons become interesting; we love our work, and pursue it with ardor. Life then seems hopeful, and we have not time enough to do all we wish, to see all we wish, to learn all we wish. This it is to do all things to the glory of God.

It was by giving such a faith to the world

that Jesus gave it life, and gave it more abundantly. He renewed the decaying existence of the human race, by being himself filled with this profound faith in God and in goodness. He inspired all around him with like convictions. He gave to the world a new impulse, and poured into its veins a new vitality. In order to take interest in anything, we must have faith in God. I do not mean any technical or theological faith; but I mean a confidence in goodness—its reality, its permanence, its power to conquer evil. We must have a confidence in truth, beauty, love, as supreme realities. Then the whole world becomes interesting, life becomes interesting, time becomes precious; the years as they come and go give us more and more of life; we grow young as we grow old; when the outward man perishes, the inward man is renewed day by day.

Less in degree, but similar in kind, is the influence exerted on us by other great souls who have been full of this profound faith in the reality of goodness and truth; and have hoped and worked, and lived and died, going before other men as examples and inspirations.

Such a man was our good and wise James Walker. He was one in whom faith and hope were not blind enthusiasms, but steady and serene lights, shining on all things. He was interested in truth, and, as thinker and student, pursued truth all his days, calmly, but earnestly. He was interested in man, in human progress, in the education of the race, and worked for these ends, calmly, wisely, earnestly. He loved the young, and they loved him. He went through the difficult ordeal of the college presidency, where so many strong men have broken down, with eminent success. All the students who were in college during his time loved him. No matter what other and more famous men appeared at the college festivals, he was the one always welcomed with the most abounding enthusiasm. They loved him for his genial sympathy, they revered him for his sagacious wisdom, they trusted in him as a faithful friend.

Such a man, also, was Gerrit Smith: a man who has increased our faith in human disinterestedness, in human devotion to good, in sincere liberality of heart and hand. He was one not corrupted by wealth; capable of using it as a steward, as something not his own, but a talent entrusted to him for the good of others. A man whose perfect conscientiousness no one ever doubted; a man whose large soul gave us all a sense of great freedom; whose interest in every good cause

kept him ever young; who lived pure amid surrounding venality and corruption; forgetting what was behind, reaching out to that before; full of interest in all good things to the end; a life-bringer to the society around him, and to all who knew him. So, while his outward man perished, his inward man was renewed day by day.

Such a man, also, was Ezra Cornell; a self-made man; who, having received only a common-school education, gave, during his life, \$700,000 to found a noble university, where others might be taught the best message of science and be imbued with the best knowledge of letters. His name he has connected with this institution, where liberal studies are pursued in the most liberal spirit; where women study with men without injury to their health of body or of mind. When he left the world, he left it richer, not only in this noble institution, but in this new example of one who regarded himself as a steward of his wealth and who used it so as to give new mental and moral life to others, and to gain more and more for himself.

Such a man also was Charles Sumner, whose death in March seems a still recent event, and one of the most important of the year which has just closed. His life and his death, have both given us new faith in human nature; his life, because it was steadily devoted to generous and noble ends; because no one ever saw or suspected in it any element of corruption; because it proved again that man can rise out of reach of those temptations which destroy so many souls, that honesty can become a parcel of the fibre of the brain, and the particles of blood, and be incorporate at last in bone and frame. His life shows us that men may become at last incapable of falsehood, wholly inaccessible to vulgar vice. His death also showed that mankind appreciates real virtue; that though they may be deceived for a time by party feeling and political interests, they at last know who is truly to be honored. Charles Sumner did much for the country during his life, but he did as much for it at his death, by revealing the fact that men after all only honor what is honorable, only love what is lovable, and that every man shall reap what he has sown.

In April last, the remains of Dr. Livingstone were interred in Westminster Abbey, giving another proof of the appreciation which mankind has for generous lives, devoted to pure objects. His soul was large enough to take an interest in men and things both in God's world of nature, and God's world of humanity. He travelled for years among the tribes of Africa, who are considered to be

the most savage, and found them only kind and friendly. Just so the Catholic missionaries, Fathers Hennepin and Marquette, travelled among the American Indians, and found them also friendly. Those Catholic priests and this Protestant missionary had the same spirit; both were interested in the study of God's world, and the reform of God's children; and both have left a permanent testimony to the truth that an honest purpose of doing good will tame the most savage, and change cruelty into good-will.

We live only by progress; if we attempt to stand still, we go backward, and lose our vital power. Religion, in its true essence, is at the root of all progress, because it inspires that faith in truth, in goodness, in God's world, which makes us interested in all things. The worst effect of atheistic opinions is not that they dishonor God; for he cannot be injured by human doubts or denials, any more than the laws of astronomy can be displeased by being disputed or opposed. If any man chooses to deny the law of gravitation, that law is not offended, but continues as before to lend him its beneficent aid. If any man denies God, or opposes Christianity, God continues to befriend him, and Christianity continues to bless him. But the real harm done by the denial of divine presence and providence in nature and life is that in the long run it will destroy our interest in the world, in men, in events. Such atheistic, pessimistic, cynical views take the life out of us. I see young men who are tainted by such notions, and what strikes me in them is that they seem to take very little interest in anything. Their inward man perishes, though the outer man may be renewed by God day by day. It is sad to see an old man whose heart is dry and whose soul is withered; but it is still worse to see this in the young, to whom God has given an inheritance of faith and hope, and to whom all things ought to appear new and fair.

"Let the dead bury their dead, but go thou and preach the kingdom of God." Dreamy meditators on the past, active strivers in the present, hopeful prophets of the future, preach, all of you, the kingdom of God, by faith, by hope, by love. As time and all of its works, possessions, joys, are passing rapidly away, secure that which is unchanging and eternal. Have faith in God. Faith, not opinions, or dead belief; but faith. Faith, which learns to see God present in nature, present in providence; present in the soul, which finds him in all changes, him in all joys and sorrows, him in the near duty of the hour, him in the large vision of the ages.

Have hope, active hope, which shall enable you to work in the cause of justice and humanity; to *Work*, though in a minority; to work, though no success nor reputation seems to come. Work, not merely conscientiously, but hopefully, and you will work successfully. Hope to do some good thing for some one. Hope to make joy and peace where you go and where you stay. Hope to serve God by serving man.

And most of all, have *love*. If there is any bitterness in your heart towards any human being root it out. It is a corroding poison in your soul; get rid of it. Love; that is, go out of yourself; go forth in sympathy with others; go forth to do them good, by the power of God in your own soul, by the grace of God in your own heart. By your own hope of a grand future, lift others out of their skepticism, their doubts, their despair. These things shall last; they shall not pass away. Nothing can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Faith, hope, and love, the heavenly sisters, the three Christian graces, with arms sweetly intertwined, like yet unlike, as becomes sisters; not the same aspect to each, yet not wholly different; these three shall cause that you be not barren nor unfruitful. Begin life so, and it will pass joyfully to its close.—*James Freeman Clarke*.

THE STILL HOUR.

By the old aspirants glorious,
By the hearts that hoped all,
By the strivers, half victorious,
By each soul heroic,
By thy dearest,
By thy John and by thy Paul,—

By their holy, high achieving,
By their visions more divine,
By each gift of our receiving
From these mighty ones of thine,
By the radiance
That on us from them doth shine,—

By each saving word unspoken,
By thy truth, as yet half-won,
By each idol still unbroken,
By thy will, yet poorly done,—
Hear us! hear us!
Our Almighty, help us on!

—*T. H. Gill*.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.—*James i. 17*.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

The Messiah Branch Alliance, New York City, offers the following books. Address Mrs. M. G. Atwell, 605 W. 115th Street. Children's books: Morton's "Elementary Geography"; Harper's "Introductory Geography"; "Adventures of a Brownie," Mullock; Thorndike's "Exercises in Arithmetic"; "The Junior Bible"; "Early Heroes and Heroines"; "The Adventures of Silver Suit"; "The Mighty Hunter in Toy Land"; "Sunny Hours"; "Fun with Faces"; "The Mother Tongue"; Jones's "Third Reader"; "The Sixth Reader"; "The United States," Winslow.

Other books: "In Black and White," Kipling; "Geoffrey Hamlin," Kingsley; "The Splendid Spur," A. T. Couch; "Hints on Household Taste," Eastlake; "The Scripture Club of Valley Rest"; "The Mystery of Number 47," J. Storer Clouston; "The Story of a Passion," Charles Garvice; "The Show Girl," Max Pemberton; "Anima Vilas," Marya Rodziewicz; "Dora," Tennyson; "Dreams," Olive Schreiner; "Spirit Royal," Anthony Hope; "The Midge," H. C. Bunner; "The Rogue," W. E. Morris; "Ring Ho," Talbot Mundy; "Guernedale," F. J. Stimson; "Pink Lotus," May Crommelin.

Quincy Branch offers the following. Address Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. "Maxims of Theodore Roosevelt"; "Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag," Alcott; "The Man without a Country," E. E. Hale; "Colonel Carter's Christmas," F. Hopkinson Smith; "Lady of Lyons," Lord Lytton; "Selections from Fénelon"; "Among the Hills," Whittier; "Black Beauty," Sewell.

The Omaha Branch offers the following books for distribution. Apply to Miss Harriet E. Johnston, 4911 Chicago Street, Omaha, Nebraska. "Exercises in Rhetoric and English Composition," Carpenter; Classic Latin-English, English-Latin Dictionary; "Collection of British Authors," Tanthintz; "Pomegranates from an English Garden," Robert Browning; "John Gabriel Borkman," Ibsen; Pepsy's Diary, Vols. IX and X; "Astrology Theologized," Anna

Kingsford; "Historical Novel, and Other Essays," Brander Matthews; "A Revolution in the Science of Cosmology," George Campbell; "Electricity Made Simple," Haskins; "Tales of the Telegraph," Brady; "Text-book of American History," Eggleston; "The Vagabond," Trowbridge; "The Song of the Brook," Tennyson; "The Gleam," Helen R. Albee; "An Original Year," Chas. E. Jefferson, D.D.; "As a Man Thinketh," James Allen; "Daily Light on the Daily Path" (a devotional text-book); "Wild Olive," Ford.

REQUESTS.

1. Cards would be greatly appreciated, and some books suitable for my children aged five, four, and two years. Mrs. Ada L. Turner, Dodson, Virginia.

2. I should be very glad of some books, magazines, and any kind of good reading. I live in the country and am the mother of one child and am very lonely sometimes. I should appreciate letters and cards from the young mothers. Mrs. J. Luther Little, Oakboro, North Carolina.

3. Pattie Robertson and Fannie, of Floyd, Virginia, R. F. D. 5, will be glad of magazines or books. Fannie is seventeen.

4. Mrs. Jary E. Shelton, Campbell, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 41, thanks all who have sent her books and magazines; would be thankful to receive some of Mary J. Holmes's writings, also for "The Second Coming of Christ," "Ben Hur," "The Treasure of Heaven" by Marie Corelli, and story-books for a little girl of eight years, and pieces for patchwork; any good books for boys and girls.

5. Miss Jessamyne E. Herndon of Granite Springs, Virginia, would like to have some reading, as she has had measles and is subject to tonsillitis and stays indoors much during the winter.

6. I thank each and every one for sending me reading and patchwork pieces. I have made several quilts. It gave me something to think of after losing our home. I should love to have a Christmas tree for my little boy. If some one would please send him some cards or story-books they would be appreciated, as I cannot afford to buy him much this year. Will some one send me some of Grace Hammond's books or any good books for myself and Lewis? Mrs. A. P. Boyd, Vinton, Virginia.

7. I thank every one who has contributed the greatest or smallest thing to cheer my sad, lonely life of suffering. As the colder days come my rheumatism is so much worse. Living in this out-of-the-way place, I have nothing to look forward to except the mail that dear stranger friends send me. I hope they will remember me again this winter; also my little daughter fourteen years old, who has most of the work to do, seldom leaving home except to go to school all she can. I make tatting and crocheting to sell and would like to get *The Needlecraft*, *Hearth and Home*, *McCall's Magazine*, or *Modern Priscilla*, or any good papers with lace designs. I should be so glad of any good books and especially some of Longfellow's. I do hope the good Cheerful Letter friends will remember us at Christmas. I should welcome the tiniest thing that would cause me to forget my sufferings and trouble. Mrs. Beulah Moore, R. F. D. 1, Box 62, Campbell, North Carolina.

8. Mr. M. N. Royal, Roanoke, Alabama, R. 4, Box 116, is teaching in a new field; he has sixty-five pupils, ranging from six to eighteen in age. He asks for books and magazines, a few Testaments, and Bible and Bible dictionary.

9. I should be very much gratified to receive from any of the kind Cheerful Letter friends any of the following noted books: "The Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson"; "War and Peace"; "Anna Karenina"; "Tom Brown's School Days," Hughes; "Dutch Republic," Motley; "History of His Own Times," Burnet; "Conquest of Mexico," Prescott; "Journal of the Plague Year," Defoe; "Conquest of Peru"; "Tale of a Tub," Swift. I wish to express my gratitude to those who in the past have sent me magazines or books. Frederick W. Keene, North Berwick, Maine.

10. You have no idea what a help your club has been to me for years in my work of teaching. I am a country teacher and always away from a library or reference book, and have had many books given me for the children who are not able to buy for themselves. Last winter several books for the eighth grade were given me by Mr. Pierce of Jacksonville, the Unitarian minister. If you have them, I should like a copy of Redding's "Our Near Future" or Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite." I would return these books after reading; also Emerson's "Over-soul." Mary Dameron, White House, Florida.

11. Mrs. S. M. Coverdale, 79 East Blake Street, Columbus, Ohio, asks for any of the "Samantha" books, and *Our Dumb Animals*.

12. Annie Saunders, fifteen years old, living at Tellico Plains, Tennessee, on a farm two miles from school, would be glad of suitable reading for herself and crippled brother seven years old.

13. I should like *The Cheerful Letter* each month after some one has read it. I have to stay close indoors through the winter months on account of my husband's bad health, and we live in the mountains in a thinly settled neighborhood. Without your help we should get very lonely. A few cotton scraps for patchwork would be appreciated. My little boy only three and a half years old would appreciate any little cards on Christmas morning. Mrs. G. Lee Roberson, Box 22, Elamsville, Virginia.

14. I am a teacher of a one-room rural school and should be very glad if the readers of *The Cheerful Letter* would send me something suitable for seat-work for small children, such as puzzles, games, stories, beads, cut-outs, or anything that would be both useful and interesting. I should be glad to receive some copies of the *Normal Instructor*, *Woman's Home Companion*, or any good reading-matter for myself and children. Mrs. Ada White, Preston, Virginia.

15. Mrs. P. S. Frye, Peak, Oregon, wishes to express her grateful appreciation of all the kindness shown her in the past two and one-half years while they were "proving up" their "homestead." Her boys are now in a military academy, and for a time Mr. Frye has employment in North Portland, where she will be with him. Her address is 146 Seventeenth Street.

16. Mrs. C. M. Funderburk, Ansonville, North Carolina, Route 1, asks for a Bible and pieces for patchwork.

17. Mrs. Arch Brewer, Ansonville, North Carolina, desires to have a correspondent and hopes that some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends will remember her two little children with picture-books or anything suitable for little folk.

18. Mrs. George R. Cooper, Garrisonville, Stafford County, Virginia, thanks the friends who sent her books and papers through the summer and would be glad to receive others during the winter. She is a Sunshine worker.

NOTICE.

The Committee will be grateful for subscriptions to *The Cheerful Letter*, to be sent directly to the lonely, from the office. One correspondent writes: "If I only knew how I would tell you how it has helped us endure this isolated life! But words cannot express my deep gratitude."

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

HOW TO TRAIN BOYS IN SELF-CONTROL.

I remember once hearing a gentleman speak, at a charity conference, who had been very active in visiting institutions in his own State in the Middle West,—prisons, insane-asylums, poorhouses, and homes for the intemperate. He said that every inmate in each one of these institutions had been brought there by the want of self-control.

We want something more of our boys than merely to keep out of insane-asylums and prisons; but the self-control which is enough to preserve them from these will if cultivated prove an asset in every part of life. How, then, should we train a boy who needs special help,—first, to prepare him for the trials of life? Our motto must be: "*Suaviter in modo: suaviter fortiter in re.*" Have one little talk with him, and after that say as little as possible, but act.

In certain moods, as Jacob Abbott tells us, children are infants, are very little influenced by what we say, but very much by what we do. Eliminate all personal feelings, anything like scolding or harsh blame, or you lose your case. Say something like this: "John, I notice that sometimes you are not able to keep your temper. I know that you do not mean to be cross or rude, but you cannot control your temper. Now I want to help you. What do you think would be the best plan yourself? I do not think of any better way than to think of some penalty which must come whenever you lose it. What do you think would be the best thing? You must, perhaps, go to bed half an hour earlier than usual, or else give up the reading of some favorite book, or else not take your ride on horseback or your bath in the sea."

If the boy agrees to do this, and if you can trust him to come and tell you himself whenever he loses his temper, it is all plain sailing.

If you cannot trust him, if you put temptation in his way to deceive, all you can do is to watch him yourself for an outburst of temper, and withhold the pleasure.—*The Editor.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

DOG HEROES WITH THE ALLIES.

Never can it be said that "man's faithful friend" was a slacker or failed to respond when his country and his masters needed his services in the world's greatest war. Quickly trained not only for the most dangerous of occupations, courageous, trustworthy, and resourceful, showing uncanny intelligence in the discovery and recovery of wounded and dying soldiers, thousands of dogs are acquitting themselves like heroes with the armies in Europe.

Important as is the help of dogs in the attack or the defence, their greater usefulness is in the aid they are rendering in the great humane work that must follow so closely the tide of battle. A representative of the British Government, sent to America recently to purchase dogs for the canine relief squads, pays a fine tribute to the dogs that have done their part so nobly in the great struggle.

"No one," he said, "can possibly realize the grand work that dogs are doing in the great war abroad. The chivalry and heroism of the Red Cross dogs are perhaps well known, but there are thousands of unsung canine heroes who have been killed, maimed, and wounded while serving the cause of the Allies.

"Aside from the companionship of dogs, which has been such a boon to the men in the trenches, many of them have proved such excellent carriers of messages and aids in hauling provisions about the trenches that their work is absolutely indispensable.

"In our kennels in London we have twenty-five blinded dogs. They were wounded in the thick of fighting. They came back. It is uncanny how they seem to realize that they have played their part in the greatest struggle of mankind. They grope about in the dark, but they wag their tails and frisk about just as much as to say, 'Don't pity us, we have done nothing.' Many of them have been paralyzed by the concussion of shells. Hundreds have died. More dogs are needed, not only at the front but in families where there are no children and where widows need companionship, so that they may forget in a measure the loss of their husbands."—*Our Dumb Animals*.

We may be sure of this, that God does not trifle with our intelligence. Wherever he allows us to doubt, to question, it is because there is somewhere an answer to that question, a solution of that doubt.—*James Freeman Clarke*.

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

THE SNOW IMAGE:

A CHILDISH MIRACLE.

(Continued from last number.)

"My darling mamma," answered Violet, looking seriously into her mother's face, and apparently surprised that she should need any further explanation, "I have told you truly who she is. It is our little snow-image, which Peony and I have been making. Peony will tell you so, as well as I."

"Yes, mamma," asseverated Peony, with much gravity in his crimson little phiz, "this is 'little snow-child.'"

While mamma still hesitated what to think and what to do, the street-gate was thrown open, and the father of Violet and Peony appeared, wrapped in a pilot-cloth sack, with a fur cap drawn down over his ears, and the thickest of gloves upon his hands. Mr. Lindsey was a middle-aged man, with a weary and yet a happy look in his wind-flushed and frost-pinched face, as if he had been busy all the day long, and was glad to get back to his quiet home. His eyes brightened at the sight of his wife and children, although he could not help uttering a word or two of surprise, at finding the whole family in the open air, on so bleak a day, and after sunset too. He soon perceived the little white stranger, sporting to and fro in the garden, like a dancing snow-wreath, and the flock of snow-birds fluttering about her head.

"Pray, what little girl may that be?" inquired this very sensible man. "Surely her mother must be crazy, to let her go out in such bitter weather as it has been to-day, with only that flimsy white gown, and those thin slippers!"

"My dear husband," said his wife, "I know no more about the little thing than you do. Some neighbor's child, I suppose. Our Violet and Peony," she added, laughing at herself for repeating so absurd a story, "insist that she is nothing but a snow-image, which they have been busy about in the garden, almost all the afternoon."

As she said this, the mother glanced her eyes toward the spot where the children's snow-image had been made. What was her surprise, on perceiving that there was not the slightest trace of so much labor!—no image at all!—no piled-up heap of snow!—nothing whatever, save the prints of little footsteps around a vacant space!

"This is very strange!" said she.

"What is strange, dear mother?" asked

Violet. "Dear father, do not you see how it is? This is our snow-image, which Peony and I have made, because we wanted another playmate. Did not we, Peony?"

"Yes, papa," said crimson Peony. "This be our 'tittle snow-sister. Is she not beautiful? But she gave me such a cold kiss!"

"Poh, nonsense, children!" cried their good, honest father, who, as we have already intimated, had an exceedingly common-sensible way of looking at matters. "Do not tell me of making live figures out of snow. Come, wife; this little stranger must not stay out in the bleak air a moment longer. We will bring her into the parlor; and you shall give her a supper of warm bread and milk, and make her as comfortable as you can. Meanwhile, I will inquire among the neighbors; or, if necessary, send the city-crier about the streets, to give notice of a lost child."

So saying, this honest and very kind-hearted man was going toward the little white damsel, with the best intentions in the world. But Violet and Peony, each seizing their father by the hand, earnestly besought him not to make her come in.

"Dear father," cried Violet, putting herself before him, "it is true what I have been telling you! This is our little snow-girl, and she cannot live any longer than while she breathes the cold west wind. Do not make her come into the hot room!"

"Yes, father," shouted Peony, stamping his little foot, so mightily was he in earnest, "this be nothing but our 'tittle snow-child! She will not love the hot fire!"

"Nonsense, children, nonsense, nonsense!" cried the father, half vexed, half laughing at what he considered their foolish obstinacy. "Run into the house, this moment! It is too late to play any longer, now. I must take care of this little girl immediately, or she will will catch her death-a-cold!"

"Husband! dear husband!" said his wife, in a low voice,—for she had been looking narrowly at the snow-child, and was more perplexed than ever,—"there is something very singular in all this. You will think me foolish,—but—but—may it not be that some invisible angel has been attracted by the simplicity and good faith with which our children set about their undertaking? May he not have spent an hour of his immortality in playing with those dear little souls? and so the result is what we call a miracle. No, no! Do not laugh at me; I see what a foolish thought it is!"

"My dear wife," replied the husband, laughing heartily, "you are as much a child as Violet and Peony."

And in one sense so she was, for all through life she had kept her heart full of childlike simplicity and faith, which was as pure and clear as crystal; and, looking at all matters through this transparent medium, she sometimes saw truths so profound, that other people laughed at them as nonsense and absurdity.

But now kind Mr. Lindsey had entered the garden, breaking away from his two children, who still sent their shrill voices after him, beseeching him to let the snow-child stay and enjoy herself in the cold west wind. As he approached, the snow-birds took to flight. The little white damsel, also, fled backward, shaking her head, as if to say, "Pray, do not touch me!" and roguishly, as it appeared, leading him through the deepest of the snow. Once, the good man stumbled, and floundered down upon his face, so that, gathering himself up again, with the snow sticking to his rough pilot-cloth sack, he looked as white and wintry as a snow-image of the largest size. Some of the neighbors, meanwhile, seeing him from their windows, wondered what could possess poor Mr. Lindsey to be running about his garden in pursuit of a snow-drift, which the west wind was driving hither and thither! At length, after a vast deal of trouble, he chased the little stranger into a corner, where she could not possibly escape him. His wife had been looking on, and, it being nearly twilight, was wonder-struck to observe how the snow-child gleamed and sparkled, and how she seemed to shed a glow all round about her; and when driven into the corner, she positively glistened like a star! It was a frosty kind of brightness, too, like that of an icicle in the moonlight. The wife thought it strange that good Mr. Lindsey should see nothing remarkable in the snow-child's appearance.

"Come, you odd little thing!" cried the honest man, seizing her by the hand. "I have caught you at last, and will make you comfortable in spite of yourself. We will put a nice warm pair of worsted stockings on your frozen little feet, and you shall have a good thick shawl to wrap yourself in. Your poor white nose, I am afraid, is actually frost-bitten. But we will make it all right. Come along in."

And so, with a most benevolent smile on his sagacious visage, all purple as it was with the cold, this very well-meaning gentleman took the snow-child by the hand and led her towards the house. She followed him, droopingly and reluctant; for all the glow and sparkle was gone out of her figure; and whereas just before she had resembled a bright, frosty, star-gemmed evening, with a

crimson gleam on the cold horizon, she now looked as dull and languid as a thaw. As kind Mr. Lindsey led her up the steps of the door, Violet and Peony looked into his face,—their eyes full of tears, which freeze before they could run down their cheeks,—and again entreated him not to bring their snow-image into the house.

"Not bring her in!" exclaimed the kind-hearted man. "Why, you are crazy, my little Violet!—quite crazy, my small Peony! She is so cold, already, that her hand has almost frozen mine, in spite of my thick gloves. Would you have her freeze to death?"—*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

(To be continued.)

THE MINISTRATION OF OUR DEPARTED FRIENDS.

A NEW YEAR'S REVERIE.

While every year is taking one and another from the ranks of life and usefulness or the charmed circle of friendship and love, it is soothing to remember that the spiritual world is gaining in riches through the poverty of this.

In early life, with our friends all around us,—hearing their voices, cheered by their smiles,—death and the spiritual world are to us remote, misty, and half-fabulous; but, as we advance on our journey, and voice after voice is hushed and form after form vanishes from our side, and our shadow falls almost solitary on the hillside of life, the soul, by necessity of its being, tends to the unseen and spiritual, and pursues in another life those it seeks in vain in this.

For, with every friend that dies, dies also some especial form of social enjoyment whose being depended on the peculiar character of that friend, till late in the afternoon of life the pilgrim seems to himself to have passed over to the unseen world in successive portions half his own spirit. . . .

It may be possible that a friend is sometimes taken because the Divine One sees that his ministry can act more powerfully from the unseen world than amid the infirmities of mortal intercourse. Here the soul, distracted and hemmed in by human events and by bodily infirmities, often scarce knows itself, and makes no impression on others correspondent to its desires. The mother would fain electrify the heart of the child. She yearns and burns in vain to make her soul effective on its soul, and to inspire it with a spiritual and holy life; but

all her own weaknesses, faults, and mortal cares cramp and confine her till death breaks all fetters, and then, first truly alive, risen, purified, and at rest, she may do calmly, sweetly, and certainly what, amid the tempests and tossings of life, she labored for painfully and fitfully. So, also, to generous souls who burn for the good of man, who deplore the shortness of life and the little that is permitted to any individual agency on earth, does this belief open a heavenly field. Think not, father or brother, long laboring for man, till thy sun stands on the western mountains,—think not that thy day in this world is over. Perhaps, like Jesus, thou hast lived a human life and gained a human experience, to become, under and like him, a savior of thousands. Thou hast been through the preparation; but thy real work of good, thy full power of doing is yet to begin.

But, again, there are some spirits (and those of earth's choicest) to whom, so far as enjoyment to themselves or others is concerned, this life seems to have been a total failure. A hard hand from the first, and all the way through life, seems to have been laid upon them: they seem to live only to be chastened and crushed, and we lay them in the grave at last in mournful silence. To such what a vision is opened by this belief! This hard discipline has been the school and task-work by which their soul has been fitted for their invisible labors in a future life; and, when they pass the gates of the grave, their course of benevolent acting first begins, and they find themselves delighted possessors of what through many years they have sighed for,—the power of doing good. The year just past, like all other years, has taken from a thousand circles the sainted, the just, and the beloved; there are spots in a thousand graveyards which have become this year dearer than all the living world; but in the loneliness of sorrow how cheering to think that our lost ones are not wholly gone from us! They still may move about in our homes, shedding around an atmosphere of purity and peace, promptings of good and reproofs of evil. We are compassed about by a cloud of witnesses, whose hearts throb in sympathy with every effort and struggle, and who thrill with joy at every success. How should this thought check and rebuke every worldly feeling and unworthy purpose, and enshrine us, in the midst of a forgetful and unspiritual world, with an atmosphere of heavenly peace! They have overcome, have risen, are crowned, glorified; but still they remain to us, our assistants, our comforters,

and in every hour of darkness their voice speaks to us, "So we grieved, so we struggled, so we fainting, so we doubted; but we have overcome, we have obtained, we have seen, we have found, and in our victory behold the certainty of thy own."—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

Dr. Eam: Wh t' nod y emoc t ees m yn a mr? Eäelp cm no th yrev nrt yad-ilo hnd gnirb yr ycnaf wrk, dna st sa lng sa y nac. W ssim y neh w y era nt ereh. Yr gnivol frnd, Aralc.

—*Selected.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 45 Spring Lane, Canton, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

(All of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below the other, the diagonal beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter spells the name of an Italian patriot born July 4, 1807.)

1. A city of Texas.
2. A county of Massachusetts.
3. A city of Massachusetts.
4. A cathedral in England.
5. A city in Scotland.
6. A continent.
7. A city in Maryland.
8. An American orchid.
9. A French general killed in battle, Dec. 2, 1796.

II.

REVERSIBLE WORDS.

1. Read forward, a genus of fungi; read backward, to beat back.
2. Read forward, a division of a city or hospital; read backward, to pull along.
3. Read forward, a hole in the ground; read backward, a point or extremity.
4. Read forward, a sliding box in a case; read backward, recompense.
5. Read forward, a thick woolen cloth of dun or gray color; read backward, a poet.
6. Read forward, a bar of steel or iron used in railroadings; read backward, one who knowingly utters falsehood.

III.

PUZZLE: A SECRET CODE.

(After you have studied out the following message, you will know what the code is. It is a very simple one, after all.)

IV.

LITERARY CONTEST.

(Fill the blank spaces with the titles of popular books.)

While journeying along O— R— O— O— P—, A W— Z— G— met T— A— of a— who had just returned from a vacation spent in V— D— T— A and after a long discussion of the subject of N— W— F— O— decided to meet I— C— W— N— to discuss T— F— O— T— W— C—.

V.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Well-known Books:—Each number represents a corresponding letter in the alphabet.

9, 22, 1, 14, 8, 15, 5, a book by Sir Walter Scott.

20, 8, 5 19, 5, 1, 20, 19 15, 6 20, 8, 5 13, 9, 7, 8, 20, 25, by Gilbert Parker.

13, 15, 14, 20, 3, 1, 12, 13 1, 14, 4 23, 15, 12, 6, 5, by Francis Parkman.

1 13, 15, 4, 5, 18, 14 3, 8, 18, 15, 14, 9, 3, 12, 3, by Winston Churchill.

20, 8, 5 16, 18, 5, 19, 9, 4, 5, 14, 3, 25, by William Howard Taft.

Answers to puzzles in the December number.

I. A KING'S MOVE PUZZLE: 21-30-32-29, tops; 37-36-27-34-26, games; 17-18-25-33-42-41, camera; 49-58-57-50, sled; 51-44-35-43-52-59, gloves; 60-53-62-61-54-45-46-55, neckties; 64-63-56-48-47, candy; 38-39-32-40-31-23, cigars; 16-24-15-8-7, books; 14-6-5-12-13, dolls; 20-28-19-11-4, films; 3-10-2-9-1, knife.

II. DOUBLE BEHEADINGS AND DOUBLE CURTAILINGS: 1. In-cub-us. 2. As-ham-ed. 3. St-ran-ge. 4. Bl-ink-ed. 5. As-sign-ee. 6. Re-tin-ue. 7. Hu-man-ly. 8. Fr-ant-ic. 9. As-sort-ed. Christmas.

III. ENIGMA: Christmas.

IV. THE BERRY GAME: 1. Gooseberry. 2. Cranberry. 3. Squawberry. 4. Barberry. 5. Raspberry. 6. Mulberry. 7. Wineberry. 8. Huckleberry. 9. Thimbleberry. 10. Dewberry. 11. Blackberry.

V. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA: Happy New Year.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is now 633 Third Street, North, St. Petersburg, Florida.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The *Cheerful Letter* Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Miss Helen L. Wells, 269 Franklin Street, Newton, Mass.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange will be held on Friday, February 1, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are invited to be present.

The work has grown so it is no longer easy for the Book Club Secretary to care for all that pertains to the Club. The following lady has volunteered to take charge of the music:—

FOR REQUESTS OR OFFERS, APPLY TO MRS. THOMAS LACEY, 145 GRAND VIEW AVENUE, WOLLASTON, MASS.

The *Cheerful Letter* Exchange offers, in its *Home Study Work*, to send lessons to any one who wishes. We can help teachers at home for higher grades, or others who cannot continue their school studies. Lessons will be given in all subjects. Please apply to Mrs. Elmer E. Hudson, 5 Alveston Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

In sending subscriptions for the *Cheerful Letter*, address The *Cheerful Letter* Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions, 50 cents a year.

Chairman of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange, Mrs. Hubert Pope, 39 Kenneth Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Editor of "The *Cheerful Letter*," Miss L. Freeman Clarke.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.